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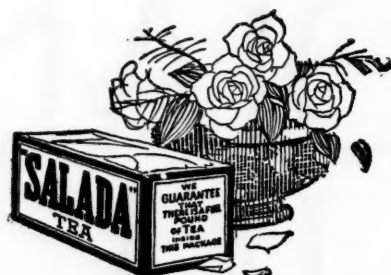


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VOL. III

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NO. 33

ALTHOUGH the hour in which Mr. Bonar Law relinquished office was darker even than the one in which he took it up, although everyone knew that he had failed—failed preposterously, in fact, both at home and abroad—to redeem his promises of tranquillity, yet the eulogies that accompanied him into retirement, unlike most eulogies of sick statesmen, cannot be dismissed as mere expressions of personal sympathy. Less than a year ago the legend of Mr. Lloyd George's indispensability still held almost undisputed sway. Much as they were beginning to distrust his genius and despise his methods, the majority of Englishmen still felt that there was something about Mr. Lloyd George and his administration so intimately attuned to the spirit of the time that nothing, or hardly anything, could justify the danger of upsetting him. When at last the Anatolian adventure tipped the scales of public opinion, and destroyed in a few hours the legend of years, the task that devolved on Mr. Bonar Law was nothing less than that of rescuing England from the nightmare of uncertainty and improvisation, of insincerity and dubious compromise, that had become the distinguishing features of later coalition rule. Because in this task, his primary task, he succeeded, Englishmen of all parties saw no incongruity in commending a stewardship that from a strictly political point of view could hardly be regarded as anything but ineffective.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accumulated difficulties that confront him, there seems to be a general belief that Mr. Baldwin should find himself in a position to pursue a more active policy, particularly in the direction of European reconstruction; and his intention to do so is being inferred from the inclusion in his cabinet of two men whose records are thought to preclude the possibility of their joining a government subject, in foreign affairs at any rate, to die-hard control. Perhaps Lord Robert Cecil's reputation is not as high as it was two years ago. A certain lack of firmness, a certain hesitancy in

applying the great principles he professes, has lost him much of the confidence he once enjoyed even among liberals. Still his adherence to the Government may probably be assumed to be conditioned at least upon genuine support for the League of Nations. Mr. McKenna's appointment is rather more reassuring. There exists no saner or more practical statement of the causes of European disintegration than his speech to the American Bankers' Association last autumn. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mr. McKenna is not Foreign Secretary. After all the most hopeful indication lies in the fact that both these recruits enjoy, with the Prime Minister himself, a singularly high reputation in the United States. Still, if the United States is to be won to the support of the sane elements in Europe, Mr. Baldwin will have to put a curb on such high-stepping imperialists as Mr. Amery, whose projected naval base at Singapore is hardly likely to be welcomed by American opinion as a buttress to the Washington Treaties.

MR. BALDWIN, evidently confident that he can repeat his American success of six months ago, has already spoken hopefully of an approaching solution of reparations. Reports that bear all the marks of official inspiration declare that his Government is willing to curtail its claims in respect both of reparations and of inter-allied debts to an amount sufficient merely to pay the annual charge on the British debt to the United States. This, of course, is a long step forward from the Balfour note; but it is a step that is clearly contingent, from France and Italy's point of view, upon America's being ready to relieve them at least as generously from their debts to her. On these debts the annual charge would reach the immense total of \$285,000,000; and obviously this sum, or even a substantial part of it, tacked on to the most moderate indemnity (as it would have to be in default of American forbearance), would make impossible anything but a factitious settlement.

THESE, however, are only preliminary difficulties.

Some idea of what the subsequent difficulties would be may be gleaned from the fate of the Belgian proposals last week. Working on the basis of Mr. Baldwin's views, M. Theunis, who is said to be much harassed by opposition to the Ruhr adventure, prepared a scheme for the reduction of the indemnity from the hundred and thirty-two billions, at which it now stands, to forty billion gold marks, rather less than Mr. Bonar Law's figure of January. Coal deliveries, receipts from the German state railways, and select monopolies, were to furnish the regular instalments, while a 25% participation in the profits of all German industry was to add at least three and a half billions to the total. No provision was made for a moratorium; but the Ruhr occupation was to assume a more pacific character, and progressive evacuation was to be conceded. Apart from the question (a grave one in the eyes of many economists) whether Germany in her present condition can pay even the thirty billions she has herself offered, the most serious objection to these proposals is that they involve the creation of a gigantic system of indirect taxation. Under them, M. Theunis asserted, actual taxation would be lower in Germany than in either France or England. If by 'actual taxation' he meant 'direct taxation', this might be true; for the scheme clearly implied the shifting of the burden on to the mass of the German workers. Leaving this point aside, however, the proposals unquestionably presented the most reasonable basis for discussion that has yet come from the allied side. How were they received by M. Poincaré? In an hour and a quarter, it is said, he had not only obtained their withdrawal, but had persuaded his Belgian colleagues to reject in advance the anticipated renewal of the German offer and join him in a declaration of fresh measures of coercion in the Ruhr.

CLOSE on M. Poincaré's diplomatic success came the renewal of the German offer. In form the note is a distinct improvement on the previous one. The total is not increased, but definite guarantees from the railways, customs, and industry, whose productivity is estimated at about half the amount of the proposed Belgian annuities, are offered as 'part of a definite reparations settlement'. This phrase, combined with a fresh admission of liability, and a renewed request for an international tribunal to determine Germany's utmost capacity to pay, leaves no room for doubt about Herr Cuno's having really accepted his predecessors' policy of fulfilment. In London, the note is likely to have a favourable reception; in Germany, it will be criticized by the Socialists on the ground that, like the Belgian pro-

posals, it involves a covert concession to big industry (which, after all, is the almost inevitable basis of any reparations settlement); but the important question is, how will it be received in Paris? Even if M. Poincaré had not already spoken, the answer would be obvious.

THE trouble is that M. Poincaré is bound to a policy that simply does not admit of a genuine reparations settlement. It is said that he is only withholding his agreement to a reduction of the indemnity until he has secured an increased share for France. But even for M. Poincaré this must be a secondary consideration. What he really wants, what he really is pledged to, is a preliminary triumph in the Ruhr and an indefinite continuation of the occupation. Such a submission from Germany, with the condonation of the Ruhr sentences that it would imply, will never be extracted from any but a phantom Government presiding over a disrupted state. M. Poincaré can go on piling up security, the sort of security that involves the ruin of Central Europe: reparations he cannot pile up, for his waggon is hitched to the adventure in the Ruhr. Perhaps the day is not as far away as it seems, when, the franc refusing to be pegged any longer, the French peasant will begin to realize where his Government is leading him. Until that day comes there is no use talking of a real settlement, and that day will certainly not be M. Poincaré's day.

SO Mr. Ferguson has at last declared himself a friend, indeed a sponsor, for the Ontario Temperance Act. This declaration has been the most striking feature of the election campaign in Ontario. We fear that the announcement comes too late. It may serve, to be sure, to keep in the ranks a few dear souls who were worried about the wetness of certain prominent Conservatives but gladly grasp at any pronouncement, however shallow and belated, which will enable them to justify their role. We confess that we should have liked Mr. Ferguson better had he persisted in being bold and bad and just as we have known him for so many years. With all the parties doing lip service, at least, to the Ontario Temperance Act, and with Prohibition the main issue in the campaign, we must confess that the contest is becoming somewhat of a 'hazy, mazy mess', if we may wrench from its context one of the phrases which will serve to keep green the memory of the meteoric political career of Mr. Andrew Hicks. Mr. Raney's return to the campaign, however, has evidently marshalled the Prohibition forces behind Mr. Drury. As a mariner boxing the compass Mr. Ferguson may find himself no more successful than he did as a tanner of hides.

THE Canadian Senate is a queer body. Many of its members are men who have given faithful and distinguished service to their country, and in the Elysian fields of politics they still continue the habits of more strenuous days. Others have merely done the party a good turn in their time, and have gone to a somnolent reward. Occasionally one of these old war horses wakes up and says something which would be highly amusing, were the legislative results not so serious. Recently the Minister of Immigration introduced an amendment, which, as modified and passed by the House of Commons, did away with the most obnoxious feature of the Immigration Act and restored to all British-born Canadians the right to trial by jury. The amendment is being held up in the Senate. Senator Fowler, whose record as a politician in New Brunswick has not been quite forgotten, referring to certain Labour leaders whom he described as agitators, said in the course of the debate: 'It strikes me that the procedure should be quick and silent. As soon as a man lays himself open to the law he should be grabbed and thrown incontinently out of the country without any trial or anything else. I would not give any trial to such men or any chance to defend or anything else.' The words are strangely like the doctrines commonly attributed to Lenin. After all, are not the most dangerous Bolsheviks we have in this country those who, forgetting the history of our institutions, seek to overturn the very fabric of the state by denying to contrary opinions the inalienable right of freedom of speech?

THE Dale case, too, is over. The City of Toronto is saved from any taint of undesirable ideas. The Mayor and his supporters in council have rejected the man whom their own Health Officer recommended as the best qualified to render an essential civic service. These gentlemen put loyalty before civic welfare. But loyalty to what? They have proved loyal only to the spirit of intolerance which unhappily has been on other occasions a cause of reproach against their city. And they have at the same time proved disloyal to the greatest of English traditions, the resolute guardianship of the liberty of speech and of opinion, out of which all true democracy springs. They have officially penalized a citizen of the highest public spirit because he presided at a meeting addressed by a socialist. Thereby they have done something of which men of all shades of opinion who understand that tradition are ashamed. It is a curious commentary on the situation that the majority of those who voted with the Mayor were, only a few months ago, returned to office as the clamant champions of the people against the 'big interests'. Thus do they vindicate democracy.

THE tragedy of Leo Rogers has stirred up the community to such a degree that it is felt on all sides that the time has arrived when some better method of dealing with mentally diseased persons must be found. Rogers was diagnosed by a psychiatrist of international reputation as being dangerously insane, and it was predicted that if he were freed from confinement he would, in all probability, commit further crime as a result of his mentally diseased condition. In spite of this, Rogers was released. The prediction proved only too true, and as a result of his being set at liberty the heads of two families were sacrificed. Would it not be wiser to have cases of doubtful mentality subjected to the most rigid mental examination by a competent and qualified board of psychiatrists, who would have the power to deal with these cases in a satisfactory manner, and so avoid a repetition of the Leo Rogers' tragedy? The importance of prevention must never be forgotten. The objection has been raised that such a body would be open to bribery, but surely the professional men of standing who would be chosen to sit on this board would be above suspicion in such matters.

FOR a second time within eight months Northern Ontario has been devastated by forest fires. The chain of outbreaks extended from far to the north-west of Port Arthur to the east of Sudbury. Miles in extent in places, it interrupted railway and telegraph communication, and threatened towns and settlements with destruction. Happily, on this occasion, there was no loss of life and comparatively little material damage—except to our timber lands, which we persist in rating cheaply. But it is impossible to thank human foresight or resourcefulness for this fortunate outcome. Though 'hundreds of men were employed in fighting the flames' at some points, they seem to have been able to do little. There is no word of the use of chemicals, or of the light and portable pumping outfits recommended by the Ontario Fire Marshal in his report following the disaster last autumn. Even in the case of small and easily extinguished fires, instead of adequate offensive and defensive measures 'watchful waiting' seems to be the end-all of our fire-fighting strategy. Indeed, several places were not ashamed to report that 'there is a small fire burning, but it is not dangerous at present and it is being watched'. Such methods deserve to fail. In the case of serious outbreaks, it is doubtful if our present resources would be effective, even if used with energy; and, till bitter experience has taught us to concentrate all our efforts to solve the problem of overcoming this continual menace, rain must continue to be our best weapon.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: The session at Ottawa, which was to be so short, is now going to be so long. The Prime Minister continues to exude fresh legislative proposals at intervals, and the great controversial subjects, the Bank Act, the Redistribution Bill, and the patronage ramp have still to emerge from the almost Cimmerian darkness of the committees to which they were consigned. I cannot therefore predict a prorogation before the first week in July, and if the Progressives prove obdurate over the Bank Act, then the Ontario farmers of the Party may get home in time for their harvest. The champions of an early election are still vocal, but the Prime Minister is reported to be colder than ever, and completely disinclined for any adventures whose outcome might keep him from his debut on the famous Imperial boards at London in October. As I am looking forward to this event with the same keen interest as the sprightly Tory countesses who have doubtless been detailed for duty with him, I commend his caution.

* * *

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul', was his quotation to the assembled chieftainesses of Liberalism on May 2nd, and assuredly he spoke from his heart. For 'tis a very frail and feeble shelter which to-day protects him from the rude winds of a general election, and its props grow weaker every day. Future historians may set down the Budget of 1923 as a decisive event in our politics, inasmuch as it marked the final abdication of the Liberal Party of its traditional rôle as an instrument of democracy and reform. The defection of Mr. McMaster and Mr. Hudson means something more than the loss of two votes on a division. It may be a poor compliment to say that intellectually they tower above nine-tenths, if not all of the Cabinet; and to their legal and practical abilities they can add character and a truly liberal temper. At present, they are dwelling in the dim borderland known as the cross benches; but their obvious destiny is to form, with Capt. Shaw, a group of intellectual radicals, who will co-operate loosely with the Progressives and furnish them with leadership of a sadly needed kind. It is far from improbable that Mr. King may return from the Conference to find himself faced with a re-invigorated Progressive Party under the leadership of Mr. McMaster, which will be a formidable competitor for the vote of thousands of disillusioned and disgusted Liberals at the next election.

* * *

If this contingency develops, our invisible rulers in Montreal and their allies will probably conclude that the time has come to end the present warfare between the two historic parties; and they can terminate it summarily by the simple process of cutting off supplies from one or other of the combatants. My impression is that they will withhold the light of their beneficent countenances from the unfortunate Conservatives, who will be invited to share the fate of their Australian brethren and don a Liberal uniform relieved by some Tory badge. Why should the great Non-Partisan League of Montreal discard the Liberals who have served them so faithfully, and who control Quebec, the heartland of reaction in the Dominion? Why should they desire to substitute the intractable and restless Mr. Meighen, whom they suspect of views dangerously akin to Progressivism, for the docile and contented Mr. King, with his pleasant patter about the larger life, his quotations from Browning, and his famous 'four parties to industry'. Of course they will be kind to him; they will let him make lots of speeches about the flowering of liberal ideas and the dangers of class consciousness; and once in a while they will give him an anti-combines bill to play with. Then, if the country becomes too restive, he can be relegated to some pleasant job and a more efficient successor appointed.

* * *

The poor Prime Minister is perhaps to-day more a subject for pity than scorn. He has strong theatrical instincts, and undoubtedly he used to dramatize himself as a brave young

paladin fighting the Gabriels and Michaels of reaction in the spirit of the famous conflict in Milton's fifth book. One recollects his curious letter to a friendly Irish editor in which he noted with pride the happy coincidence that Canada and Ireland had been simultaneously liberated from a black night of oppression. Mr. King sincerely believed it. He regarded the Borden and Meighen Governments as instruments of the devil, wept for the country groaning under their tyranny, and pictured himself as the liberator of his native land from what, in happier days, he was wont to describe as 'an unholy combination of political autocracy and industrial plutocracy'. Give him office at the head of a Liberal government, freedom would spread her wings again, prosperity would return, and the golden age of Laurier would be born once more. To his banner there would rally all the forward-looking men and women, all the people of good will and toleration, and under their young captain they would march forward from triumph to triumph over the children of darkness. But alas for vain dreams. To-day, poor Mr. King finds himself the closest of prisoners of the industrial plutocracy which he was wont to denounce so vehemently.

* * *

Unfortunately I cannot give any roseate account of the Progressive group at Ottawa. A radical party, if it is to prosper, must give free rein to its left wing, but unfortunately the control of the Progressive Party has, since 1921, resided in its right wing. On its committee of management the timorous mortals outnumber the bold and lively spirits. Mr. Forke has most of what Roosevelt was wont to call the anaemic virtues, but he has become garrulous, and, after the manner of the Premier, has taken to quoting poetry. He clings to a habit of apologetic deference which ill becomes the leader of embattled yeomen. Worst of all, he is suspect of a newborn vanity in his accomplishments. His mistakes have been many, but his crowning act of folly was committed when he supported the prohibition of oleo, a shameless piece of protectionism, and thereby led most of his followers to a brazen abandonment of their avowed principles. Mr. Crerar, with all his faults, was too shrewd not to realize that such a frank avowal of willingness to shed principles for class interest must involve the party in grave discredit, but Mr. Forke plunged headlong over the falls. Hence it is that in the left wing of his Party discontent with his leadership is growing apace, and there is a disposition to remind him that his tenure of office was understood to be only temporary and that excellent substitutes for him are now available.

* * *

Mr. Howard Ferguson's campaign awakens mixed emotions among Conservatives here. Some there are who, sorrowful over his divided allegiance between 'Wets' and 'Drys', agree with Bacon that compassion is the true measure of high-mindedness and find pity a safe guide. Others (chiefly Die-Hards), unconcerned with principles except the old political dictum that nothing succeeds like success, welcome his rôle of a Jekyll and Hyde. With that strange paper, the *Toronto Telegram*, they are willing that he should be a Pussyfoot Johnson in latitudes that are dry and a Liberty Leaguer in territory that is wet. In a word, anything to beat Drury. But there are some, more youthful and more restless, who disagree with both these schools. To them Mr. Ferguson is too much concerned with the inherited terminology of Toryism—what John Morley has called 'bottles with bits of the old labels, but with no inspiring liquor left'. They perceive, and quite rightly, that a victory for Fergusonism would spell victory for Die-Hardism; and that is the worst evil for Conservatism that their young minds can foresee. It would mean, they argue, that Mr. Meighen would capitulate to the White Guard of his party; that the Left, who want Toryism to broaden out, to widen its appeal in the West, would be routed; and that Conservatism would be menaced by degeneracy into an Ontario reactionary faction.

Mr. Meighen, for his part, has tried hard to be neutral. To those who would have had him as a sort of duelling second to Mr. Ferguson he made the reluctant concession of a speech at Georgetown; but studious avoidance of attacks upon Mr. Drury, coupled with refusals to answer other signals for aid, provided some comfort for his Left. Meanwhile the party drifts rather aimlessly in the Commons. Mr. Meighen makes many fine speeches. No clearer, more pellucid speaker ever addressed the House or an audience; none more ready, or relevant. He has the gift of pure argument, can quote complex figures from memory, can make long statements without manuscript support, and, in summing up a long and intricate debate, can reply on all the various heads of contention without having taken a note. Yet there is something lacking in his parliamentary methods. Precisely what it is, it is difficult to say, but its effect is painfully evident. It is seen in lost opportunities to find points of contact with potential allies; in failure to organize, discipline, or educate his following; in words and acts that antagonize rather than convince; in seeming inability to devise some better policy than that of pre-war days.

* * *

Perhaps allowance should be made for obvious handicaps. 'The world', complained O'Connell, 'will never give me credit for what I achieved, because it will never know with what material I had to work'. Mr. Meighen, it may be argued, could equally answer criticism by pointing to the quality of his following.



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Surrender at Discretion

ANOTHER year has passed and Mr. Fielding has introduced another budget—his second since resuming the portfolio of Finance and his seventeenth in all. It is now clear that the tariff reductions, slight as they were last year, were not a first instalment. To have lowered the tariff year by year at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would have been a defensible policy from the standpoint of election pledges, and perhaps practical as well. It might not have satisfied the claim enunciated and reiterated by Mr. Fielding in his speech this year that 'something like an assurance of tariff stability should be given to business men', but it would have provided a definite policy in the interests of the people of Canada as a whole, and one to which efficient business should find it possible gradually to accommodate itself.

It is now clear, however, that the Liberal Party has made its choice. As a matter of fact the present Government owes its position largely to the fact that the protected interests deserted Mr. Meighen on the eve of the general elections. Mr. Raymond, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Euler, and the solid Liberal phalanx from Montreal are a monument to the transaction. Mr. Fielding also, as Minister of Finance, bears witness. In 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was choosing his finance minister, he passed by the man who in opposition had faced the Tories as financial critic. Sir Richard Cartwright, whose note on protection was always clear, gave place to Mr. Fielding, the cautious premier of Nova Scotia. In 1921 history was repeated. During the previous summer, when Mr. King had wished to convince the farmers of Ontario and the West that there would be no need for Progressive members of Parliament if the country would only trust to him and the Liberal platform of 1919, he took with him as speaking companion Mr. A. R. McMaster. Mr. McMaster's views on the tariff were well known. And Mr. King's voice at that time was frequently raised against the evils of protection. At Wetaskiwin, for example, he said, 'We demand a revision downward, certain classes of articles to be substantially reduced, such as food, clothing, boots and shoes, and other articles which enter into the home'. But when it became necessary for him to form a cabinet, again the declared opponent of protection was passed by, and, in spite of his age, Mr. Fielding was asked to resume control of the Department of Finance while Mr. Robb, a miller and a protectionist, was given the portfolio of Trade and Commerce. Evidently promises and platform mean little to Mr. King.

The increase in the sales taxes will add to the revenue, and as between sales tax and tariff we prefer the former. But, like the detailed changes with which Mr. Fielding camouflages the Liberal surrender at discretion, the detailed criticisms which

the Budget has evoked are matters of only minor importance. We believe that the Minister of Finance is as well aware as any one that his outstanding failure is a failure to make the budget balance. Britain, with a million unemployed and a staggering burden of debt, has done this in the fourth year of the Peace. Canada, with a lighter load and—we may presume—the greater resilience of a young country, has failed to keep pace with the British achievement. In the face of this contrast, the honeyed phrases of ministers, professing undying confidence in a country which they serve indifferently well, justifying unessential expenditures made for political reasons, chopping quotations and logic about charts and compasses and platforms, give a hollow ring. The budget debate overlooked the realities of finance. But the time will come when they can be bilked no longer. The task of dealing with them calls for strong leadership; and the country will have no choice but to respond. But leadership is lacking. Wellington, who praised seldom, once became lyrical on the virtues of courage at three in the morning. Financially, the present is for Canada the cold dark hour before sunrise. But courage, we fear, is no part of the ministerial stock-in-trade.

A Pioneer School of Today

THE Department of Education of the Province of Ontario is a sturdy dame who arouses in most of us great respect, if little enthusiasm. Cumbered with much humdrum serving, she is far too busy to sit contemplative at the feet of any prophet, and of posturing and self-advertisement she has a laudable dread. Yet at times she, too, feels the flush of spring in her sedate veins: at times she, too, can wanton with an idea, and prove herself not unfruitful. Of her recent progeny by far the most interesting is the Northern Academy at Monteith.

The Districts of Northern Ontario cover an area over 300,000 square miles in extent, and about 1,000 miles in length from east to west. For Southern Ontario we have devised a system of school-sections, largely self-supporting. The objections to this plan are many, even in the more thickly settled south; to the vast and sparsely settled districts of the north it is obviously inapplicable; the provision of schools and of teachers is necessarily taken over in great part by the Provincial Government. Of these the former have proved the easier to supply. The spirit of adventure takes a certain number of teachers from Southern Ontario into the North-land; but the hard realities of pioneer conditions in a rigorous climate soon expel romance; and many if not most of the adventurers drift back; it is obvious that Northern Ontario must provide most of her own school-teachers.

But in the most primitive conditions a school-teacher must have some tincture of secondary education, and where in Northern Ontario is he—or she—to get it? Timmins has a High School of its own; there are Continuation Schools in several small towns, the nearest at Cochrane; but how can these supply other than local needs? Neither Cochrane nor Timmins is rich in boarding houses; and even could they be found the average parent has a natural dislike to sending to a distance an immature adolescent to fend for himself. Only a system of residential schools, with adequate supervision, can solve this problem.

But residential schools are expensive and the means of the pioneer are small. He can pay but scanty fees, if any; unless the cost of residence is provided almost wholly by the province, the residence will be untenanted.

When we come to the curriculum it is obvious that while we cannot neglect either the humanities or science, we must beware of divorcing the children of the pioneer from the land, and turning them toward 'white-collar jobs'. We need not push this so far as to create a farming caste, or to say that all the children of pioneer farmers must go on being farmers unto the third and fourth generation; but we must at least set up a disposition which turns farmward rather than city-ward. In the schools of the North agriculture must be both taught and honoured.

Such were some of the conditions of the problem of providing teachers for Northern Ontario as it presented itself to the Department of Education under Dr. H. J. Cody. One or more residential schools must be founded in Northern Ontario, primarily for the purpose of giving secondary education to prospective teachers, but also for the training of all other suitable pupils for whom there was room. The expense must be largely borne by the province, though a fee must be charged large enough to avoid the pauperization of the pupils. Agriculture must be stressed.

With the problem once clearly in the mind of the Minister, the means for beginning a solution lay ready to his hand. At Monteith, on the T. and N. O. Railway, 450 miles due north of Toronto, the Department of Agriculture possessed a farm on which were several buildings, one of which had already served as a dormitory. This property had originally been bought and used as an Experimental Farm. After the war it had been a Soldiers and Sailors Training School, in connection with the Kapukasing experiment, and had shared in the discredit attached to that costly failure. The Department of Agriculture had this plant on its hands, and knew not very well what to do with it. Why should not the Department of Education take it over, and begin there its residential school?

While negotiations were pending, the election of 1919 placed in power the Farmer-Labour Coalition, with E. C. Drury as Premier, Manning Doherty as Minister of Agriculture, and R. H. Grant as Minister of Education. It is a frequent vice of governments to scrap the half-perfected experiments of their predecessors, and to start on new lines of their own. From this vice the Farmers' Government was laudably free. The scheme begun by Cody was worked out by Drury, Doherty, and Grant, the buildings and part of the farm were taken over, and in January 1921 the Northern Academy was opened at Monteith, with 23 pupils in residence. The first Principal was George Stephen Johnson, a Nova Scotian, educated at Woodstock College and at McMaster University. Since graduating in 1905 he had taught in several Provincial Schools, and was at the time of his appointment to Monteith Principal of the Whitby High School. A quiet, indomitable man, not outwardly enthusiastic, but with a consuming fire within, and with a wife of like spirit with himself, the first Principal set himself to his task.

The pupils were of both sexes. Though most of them were in their teens and fit for secondary school work, all ages were represented from 10 to 20. None of them had any experience of residential school life. The dormitories and dining halls were adequate, but class-rooms had to be improvised. One class is rumoured to have met for a time in a hen-house. The numbers increased rapidly, but not so rapidly as did the applications. By the end of the year the 23 had grown to 41, and in September 1921 the Academy re-opened with 101 pupils, and was compelled through lack of space to refuse over 30 more. Its present membership is about 115, picked from over 300 suitable applicants. In one sense this has made the task of the Headmaster easier. When pupils are clamouring at the doors, those within know that they need expect no superfluous mercy, and that they must be on their best behaviour. But for a time the accommodation was under a strain. The Legislature voted money for a new building containing class-rooms and laboratories, and the Public Works Department began its erection. The work dragged, and though classes are now being carried on in the new building, workmen and loose plaster are still in evidence.

'You have one essential sign of prosperity', I said to the Principal. 'No school is really prosperous which has not a little job of building going on.'

'You should take on the P. W. D. as your contractor'; he replied a little grimly. 'You would then have that sign of prosperity always with you.'

But after all tardiness is not confined to the P. W. D. All architects are 'limpin' procrastitutes'.

Such discomforts have not damped the enthusiasm of the Principal, or of the pupils. The class-rooms at Monteith have an enviable atmosphere

of work. Never have I seen the spirit of earnest endeavour more evident. They mean business, these children; they know what they want, and they mean to have it; poverty is a goad that needs no sharpening. 'When Ah leave here', said one sturdy lassie of sixteen, in the burr she had brought from Scotia ten years before, 'Ah am going to Normal for a year; then Ah'm going to teach for three or four years; then Ah'm going to begin the study of Medicine.' The tendency even among those who are at first undecided is, after a year or two, toward training as a teacher at the North Bay Normal School. The first class will graduate at the end of this month. When they entered, only about half of them meant to become teachers; now nearly all hope to be in North Bay in September.

But this devotion to work does not imply that there is no play. Monteith itself is a village of about 200 people, the headquarters of a small lumber company. The two local clergymen and the local doctor take the deepest interest in the academy and its pupils; but except for visits to their houses the village is strictly out of bounds. The pupils have neither the opportunities for improvement nor the temptations to jazz which are found in Toronto; and the organization of relaxation falls upon themselves and upon the staff. Once a week a 'Literary Society' meets; once a month there is a dance; association football, hockey, baseball, and basketball flourish; last autumn the Timmins High School was overwhelmed at a Track Meet. At a meeting of the 'Literary Society' at which I was present, Highland dances, which would have done credit to any professional, were executed by the lassie who hopes in later life to study medicine: 'He was verra fond o' me' was sung by another Glaswegian in a manner worthy of Harry Lauder; two girls, assisted by a teacher, performed a delightful operetta, of which the words were in French; and a 'Glee Club' of six members sang French songs with real poise and finish.

This brings me to another side of Monteith. It is an experimental school. Subject to the consent of the Chief Inspector, the Principal and teachers are allowed to use what text-books they will. Subject to fitting their pupils for Entrance to the Normal School, or for Matriculation, the Principal may design his time-table to suit his fancy. Conversational French is admirably taught by a Medallist of the Western University.

This it is which explains the French songs and the operetta, the performers of which were of English parentage. There are very few French-Canadian children at Monteith. The French in Northern Ontario who desire secondary education for their children usually send them direct to the Model School at Sturgeon Falls, where prospective teachers in bilingual schools receive academic and professional

training, and where pupils of the French race are greatly in the majority.

Will the Northern Academy unduly soften its pupils, and make them unfit to return to pioneer life? I do not think so. The 'agricultural option' is taken by all pupils, and next year rather more both of practical farming and of scientific agriculture is to be introduced into the curriculum, especially for the boys. For this purpose the complete farm has been taken over, so that the original 26 acres are now 700. Even at present the boys do a certain amount of farm work, and shovel snow in such volumes that this winter 16 hours per boy has been the minimum. Each pupil makes his own bed; the boys wait at table; the girls keep tidy the dormitories, wash and dry the dishes, assist in the laundry.

Of course, even in such simple conditions, the building and maintenance of such a plant is costing the Province a lot of money. The pupils can pay but small fees. The total charge is \$180.00 a year, and of this sum part or all may be borrowed by any needy pupil from the Provincial Treasury at a low rate of interest. Usually a bond is given to repay the loan by teaching for a period in the schools of Northern Ontario. But it is already evident that the cost to the Province cannot be weighed against the gain. In the present political struggle the Government is being accused of having done less than justice to Northern Ontario. In education at least this is not so. The Northern Academy is solving two of the great problems in a pioneer country, those of secondary education and of the provision of teachers for the primary schools. Its success is already so assured that its duplication in the western part of our province should at once be taken in hand by whatever Government is in power in the autumn. No more interesting experiment in secondary education has been tried in Ontario since, almost a century ago, amid pioneer conditions not wholly dissimilar, Sir John Colborne founded Upper Canada College. Colborne saw in 1829 that the provision of secondary education in Upper Canada could not be left either to private enterprise, or to local initiative, and that, if our best boys were not to drift off to the United States or to England, a great residential school must be established and supported by the Government, and he founded a school in Muddy York on a scale which reflects undying credit on himself and on the Tory legislature of the day. Ninety years later, Drury, Doherty, and Grant saw that only residential schools could solve the same problem in Northern Ontario; and at Monteith they have made a very noble beginning.

W. L. GRANT.

Bank Credit and Speculation in the United States

SPECULATION, which is inevitable on the upward swing of a business cycle, is facilitated in the United States by expansive bank credit. Without its aid, extensive speculation in a wide range of commodities would be impossible. When speculative buying slows down, it is accompanied by the complaint of speculators that the banks will not let them have 'any money to do business with'. The speculative buying which took place during 1919 and the first months of 1920 could not have occurred under a barter economy; nor could it have occurred under a monetary system which permitted increases of money and bank credit only in proportion to the rate of increase in production. The unprecedented increase in bank loans enabled many speculative middlemen, of no economic advantage to the community, to thrust themselves into the processes of distribution and retard the flow of goods.

The rapid rise in prices, which was possible only with inflation of the currency, was an incentive to speculation in commodities. Rising prices made 'profiteers': the 'profiteers' did not initiate the rise in prices. The speculation itself involved demands for credit expansion. So far as the new credit was used outside of speculative channels, it tended still further to increase prices by adding to the dollars available for goods. So far as this new credit was used to withhold goods from the market, it tended to increase prices by decreasing the goods available for the dollars. Higher prices became incentives to further speculation, and so on up the ascending spiral.

The dangerous level to which prices were thus driven was evident to everybody in the case of sugar—after the crash came. American speculators bought sugar not only in Egypt and Sweden and Bolivia, but even in Kwantung, Czecho-Slovakia, and thirty-five other countries. In the scramble of speculators, including many men who had never dealt in sugar, to make money on a rising market, the ordinary consumers' demand for sugar was ignored. As a result, the markets of the world were thrown out of balance. Sugar which had been shipped from the United States to England at a price, was brought back to be sold at home at a higher price. The apparent shortage of sugar in the United States was due in part to the withholding of sugar from the market, as became clear when the break in prices revealed the surplus supply on hand and on the way from other countries. In 1921, after the market price of sugar had dropped to five and one-half cents men were paying twenty-four cents a pound for sugar ordered the previous year. In July, 1920, the price of sugar in the United States was the highest in the world: six months later it was the lowest in the world (except in Germany and Czecho-Slovakia,

where the price was fixed by the Government). This single instance shows how the distribution of a staple commodity can be interfered with throughout the world, to the loss of everybody except a few of the speculators, when the bank credit of a single country is sufficiently elastic to provide speculators with 'plenty of money to do business with'.

Although speculation has taken place under a barter economy, it has been, necessarily, on a small scale, and never in many commodities at one time, partly because of the slow, cumbersome and risky nature of barter transactions, but more particularly because the chief incentive to widespread speculation, namely a large and sudden increase in the general price-level, is lacking under a system of exchange which involves no such thing as a price-level. The business cycle, therefore, in so far as it is complicated by speculation, is mainly a monetary problem. And speculation is a factor in every commercial crisis because, under our present monetary system, speculation boosts prices and heaps up debts, based on an inflated currency, which, sooner or later, debtors cannot pay. Whether speculation will continue to be a major cause of business crises appears to depend on our ability to find out much more about the exact workings of the monetary factors and to make use of this knowledge.

Competition among regular buyers to get goods for immediate use or sale—quite apart from speculative buying—is a factor in the upward price-movement. As soon as the opinion spreads among buyers that prices are going up, they rush into the market and at once begin to exercise their power of upsetting the balance of supply and demand, which power they enjoy by virtue of the characteristics of money. Buying is a mass movement. At one moment, nobody wants to buy since everybody expects prices to go down; the next moment, everybody wants to buy since everybody expects prices to go up. That is why there is no continuous market for pig iron, or rubber, or leather, or for any other commodity the buyers of which can stay out of the market for months at a time but must buy eventually. Price has little to do with the attitude of such buyers, except in so far as it leads them to expect a change in price, or a period of stable price; and cost of production, on any given day, has little to do with price or with the attitude of buyers, except in so far as the deviation of price from cost of production leads buyers to expect a change in price. No price is too high to be tempting, if a higher price is expected; no price is low enough to be tempting, if a lower price is expected.

That is why price-reductions, instead of stimulating sales, often have exactly the opposite effect. The man who is about to purchase an automobile for one thousand dollars is likely to buy quickly if he finds the price has gone up fifty dollars. If, however, he

finds that the price has gone down fifty dollars, he may hold off in the hope of further reductions. This helps to explain the slump in the entire automobile market, in the fall of 1920, following the reduction in the price of Ford cars.

Once the buying movement has started, everything helps it along. When everybody is buying, everybody is optimistic; it is more difficult to get orders filled and more difficult to get goods transported. Therefore, everybody is inclined to place larger orders and to place them farther than usual ahead of their needs. Thus any competition at all among buyers, which begins with the mere expectation of higher prices, tends, when sustained by an increased volume of bank credit, to make prices actually higher, competition keener, and speculators more eager to buy.

In this stage of the business cycle, when the rapid increase of circulating purchasing power is facilitating speculation and carrying business forward to certain trouble, the monetary system of the United States shows great elasticity. The higher the prices, the more eager are borrowers to obtain loans; the higher, also, are the dollar-values of the goods offered as security for loans, and the larger, therefore, are the loans which the banks feel safe in making. It is not in the interests of any one bank to try to stem the tide, since refusal to take care of a customer who offers what passes as adequate security might only send the customer to a bank across the street. Thus all influences work together to expand credit precisely when expansion is most dangerous for business as a whole.

It is a fundamental defect of bank credit, on the other hand, that the amount needed as circulating purchasing power, to keep men employed and the wheels of industry moving, goes out of existence precisely when it is most needed. Holders of large stocks due to forward buying, rather than to pure speculation, know from experience that a period of great activity has always led to a period of depression. As soon as they see a storm brewing, some of them throw goods overboard in an effort to avoid being ship-wrecked. Holders of speculative stocks, as a rule, have no choice. Since they have used the proceeds of bank loans to purchase their stocks, some of them are forced to market their stocks under pressure from the banks. The banks have little choice: they also must protect themselves. The change of facts itself forces them to act: the security upon which the loans were originally made is there in goods, but not in values.

The resultant drop in prices, particularly in raw materials, is precipitous. As nobody knows when the movement will come to an end, nobody orders more goods than are absolutely necessary. The general expectation that prices will go lower puts a brake upon the forward movement of business. New

orders are placed merely to cover day-to-day needs; many old orders are cancelled, and some goods which have been delivered are returned. As a result, nearly all manufacturers either reduce their scale of operations or close down completely. To meet reduced pay rolls and reduced purchases, less money is needed. As rapidly as possible, therefore, they pay their bank loans. Their banking operations are offset to some extent by dealers who are increasing their bank loans because collections are slow. The net result, however, is a decrease in the circulating purchasing power of the country. This decrease, whatever the initial cause may be, tends further to reduce both prices and volume of orders; which, in turn, tends still further to decrease employment and the volume of money in consumers' hands, precisely when an increase in both is most needed.

A period of prosperity comes to a close largely because industry is not financed in such a way as to place enough money in the hands of consumers to take away, at current prices, all that the markets offer. When this deficiency occurs, the only way in which bank credit can supply the lack of circulating purchasing power is through loans made by somebody; but at such a time nobody cares to risk losing his whole business through incurring new debts for the purpose of making goods that may have to be sold at a loss. The banks are powerless: bank credit is not created without borrowers. The individual could help the general situation by using the proceeds of a loan to hire unemployed men, thus immediately putting more money into circulation; but most of it would be used to purchase other men's products. At such times, bank borrowing that is good for business as a whole is good for the individual, as a rule, only if others also borrow; but in a business depression our money economy does not induce prompt group action. This is the dilemma: most producers do not feel safe in using bank credit to resume or extend their business until there is a considerable increase of purchasing power in daily use; but there is no considerable increase until producers use bank credit.

The great merit of the elastic credit feature of our Federal Reserve System is said to be that it responds quickly to the needs of business. As a matter of fact, when prices are rising it responds too readily to the pressure of business for loans, relying on the fallacious theory that the so-called self-liquidating loans cannot cause inflation. Thus, the Reserve System gets into a position in which it cannot take care of the resultant untoward business situation. In other words, (through no fault of the Federal Reserve Board or of the banks) bank credit expands most readily when, for business as a whole, expansion is most injurious; and it contracts most readily when, for business as a whole, expansion is most beneficial. These evils were not introduced by the Federal

Reserve System: they existed under the old banking system. Indeed, the shortcomings of the old system, the panics which it was powerless to avert, and the superior features of the present system are well known. Our purpose is not to contrast the Federal Reserve System unfavourably with any of the systems of the past, but to call attention to some of the monetary problems that are yet to be solved.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.

The Slovaks Before and After the Great War

THERE is a country in the centre of Europe of whose existence, besides its own inhabitants, scarcely any other but the immediately adjoining peoples, knew anything before the war. Then it formed part of the Kingdom of Hungary; since the overthrow in 1918, it has belonged to the Czechoslovak republic. The name of this young, aspiring state shows us that the union of the two nations, the Czechs and the Slovaks, has been practically completed. Nevertheless, this union is for the present only external; for common citizenship and kindred languages—Slovak is a dialect of Czech—are the only ties which hold together these two nations, who, in all other regards, differ very considerably from each other.

The Slovaks are a little nation of about two and a half millions of persons, closely wedged in between Czechs, Austrians, Magyars, Ruthenians, and Poles. The country is exceedingly favoured by nature; its soil is the most fertile on the European Continent. Most of the inhabitants, therefore, have always been peasants or labourers, cultivating either their own ground or that of the great landowners. Few have settled in the towns of their own country, to live by trade or commerce. A larger number used to go abroad as itinerant pedlars. They would wander about in their picturesque national costumes, men and women, offering for sale all sorts of articles, mostly made by themselves, such as mousetraps, toys, linen, buttons, ladles, laces, and pocket-knives.

The Hungarian considered the *tot* (Magyar word for 'Slovak') as a docile and cheap workman, or rather slave, and as such he was exploited as much as possible by the great landowners and the rich manufacturers. It did not even occur to the good Slovak to venture any resistance to this unfair treatment; he had been taught for many centuries that the Magyar was his master by the grace of God. Throughout Slovakia the teachers, physicians, lawyers, and other functionaries were exclusively Magyar. Magyar was the language to which the Slovak children had to listen in schools, even though they did not understand it. School fees, indeed, were so high that the Slovaks, who were for the most part

poor people, seldom sent their children to school at all. Thus it came about that poor Slovakia possessed the greatest percentage of illiterates among the European countries. The *tot* became an object of contempt with the Hungarians, and to call a person *tot* was to inflict a grave insult upon him. This want of school education, however, had brought one great advantage to the Slovaks; they were not Magyarized, but have kept their own language and their original character intact.

With the overthrow at the end of the war a total change took place. The Slovaks were delivered by the Czechs from the tyrannical yoke of the Magyars. But have they really been set free, as some of their leaders had dreamed? The Slovaks themselves, being asked this question, are too easily disposed to answer it in the negative, saying, 'Formerly the Magyar was our master, now it is the Czech; that is all!'

Why this bitter answer? The Czechs were determined not to leave Slovakia to itself, but to unite it to their own territory. The Magyar functionaries, who left the country precipitately, had necessarily to be replaced by Czech functionaries. Of course, the Czechs have no intention of continuing the Hungarian policy; the close union of Slovakia with the Czech provinces is only a provisional arrangement. Czech statesmen have more than once proclaimed that they are ready to grant autonomy to the Slovaks, as soon as they have attained political maturity.

But there is another difference between the two sister nations that troubles their friendship and makes them distrustful of one another. The characteristic feature of the Slovak's soul is deep piety. Whoever had an opportunity to observe Slovak pilgrims at Maria Zell, the most famous Austrian place of pilgrimage, which every year used to attract many hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the late monarchy, must have been impressed with their sincerity. They would come on, men, women, and children, in a procession, preceded by a cross-bearer and two singers, praying and singing. Entering the church, they would stay there for hours, lost in devotion before the venerable shrine of the Virgin, and forgetting all earthly things. The Slovak's prayer is not the expression of a yearning for some terrestrial or celestial good; it is no attempt to bribe God with flattering words; it is genuine piety looking forth to the Day of Judgment, an almost complete immersion in God. Should you question the pilgrims whether there might not be slumbering something earthly behind their prayer, as for instance a desire that their sick child might recover, they would only answer you by a contemptuous smile.

It is this self-sufficient piety that explains the fact, which otherwise would be inconceivable, that we still find in the middle of Europe a piece of the

Middle Ages, that period which was indeed a night, but a star-lit one. People in Slovakia have preserved up to this day customs and habits which strike the modern observer as peculiar. The Magyars, who had kept the Slovaks in ignorance and servitude for many centuries, knew the character of the subjugated people perfectly well and turned this knowledge of theirs to good advantage. They gave to the pious Slovak what they knew he needed above all: a substitute for God on earth. For it was the Roman Catholic priest who founded and fortified the power of the Magyars.

After the overthrow the Czechs came into the country, installing their teachers, officials, and merchants in the Slovak towns, boroughs, and villages. But the Czechs, a highly cultivated and free-thinking people, did not know the character of their new brethren, and very often, though unconsciously, offended their religious feelings. Czech legionaries, in their bloody combats with the Hungarians, stabled their horses in the churches, and riddled statues of the Virgin with their shots. These and other acts necessitated by the war, but considered by the pious Slovaks as wicked and sinful, produced an ineradicable mistrust between the delivered people and the deliverers. In this state of mind it is comprehensible that many Slovaks prefer the Hungarians, who left them their religious belief, to the Czechs who, in their opinion, wanted to deprive them of their religion. There is a gulf between the attitudes of the two peoples.

JOHN ELLINGER.

Vienna.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

The Saying of God

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

It seems clear that, by saying 'Boo!' in church loudly enough, one can still raise something besides echoes: I am indeed glad of it, and thank those who have replied with such sincerity and fairness to an essay which many would merely have ignored.

Owing to the point of view from which I wrote, my article was necessarily rather destructive in character, and I am not surprised that Mr. Moore feels there is nothing left to live on. To develop the more positive side of the position would, however, require much more than a letter: possibly, when space permits, THE CANADIAN FORUM will let me attempt to show that there is something left, and that when Mr. Moore refers to the silent

prayer used by many students as a sign of paralysis, it is clear to me that circumstances have prevented his coming into any real contact with such students.

In the meantime there are a few points with which I should briefly deal. Mr. Brewin, for whose most kindly letter I am more than grateful, asks what I mean by that 'supernatural' or 'divine' revelation which has 'apparently long since ceased'. I mean something in which I do not believe: something which is presumably evident in the *Book of Judges*, but not in the *Morte d'Arthur*; something which renders the story of Jael holy while that of Tess remains profane; something by virtue of which Augustine is a saint, and for lack of which Goethe but a sinner. I don't know what it is, but I think Mr. Brewin should.

Further, Mr. Brewin does not recognize the figure which I described as 'the official God of the churches': he has never met him, and he does not like him. But Mr. Moore, who likes him no better, has apparently met him, though he denies his official character. Others tell me that they have heard him preached; and I would submit that in Mr. Brewin's own church every helpless infant is introduced to him when, in the baptismal service, prayer is made that the innocent child—the very type chosen by Christ as the model for His kingdom—may by the rite be 'delivered from thy wrath', which is apparently ready to consume him.

I do not quite understand Mr. Brewin's reference to my omission of History, Art, and Philosophy. A scientific approach to life must necessarily include at least the two former, and any interpretation of it becomes the latter. Upon the subject of my article Art says little save, significantly enough, to aver that genuine inspiration is in no way dependent upon belief in a creed or even in the ten commandments; while History bears unmistakable testimony to the fact that man for many centuries has been making God in his own image, and that the fathers' God has often failed to satisfy the children.

For the methods of philosophy as applied to this subject I must confess to a deep-rooted distrust—founded, no doubt, partly on ignorance, but partly also on the fact that the philosophers seem to discover so many approaches to every question that their action becomes paralyzed. Their minds wander far, but they themselves tend to remain at home, too convinced of the complexity and subtlety of human thought to be willing to stake much on an idea. There is only one approach to a problem that seems to me worth while—that of experience; and that, of course, is the scientific approach. It may be that we must choose between the mind of the philosopher, who sees all round a question from the depths of an arm chair, and that of the fanatic, who sees one thing, but sees it so dazzlingly clear that he is hurled into action. There is no question as to which type Christ belonged to, if that is any guide.

Mr. Moore has, of course, put his finger on the central question for many when he stresses Christ's belief in a personal God. I shall have to leave the discussion of this for later; but I would merely say that I can no more pray to an 'impersonal life-force' than can Mr. Moore; the spirit is not manifest except in its works, and the greatest of these are personal. Whether Mr. Moore would regard my beliefs as 'Christian' or not is of no real importance; but I do not think there is any belittling of Christ in saying that he obviously expressed his spiritual experience—the validity of which is unquestionable—in terms of the thought of his day. May I add, also, that I did not pretend to be speaking 'for' science, and am certainly incapable of doing so; I was giving the point of view of ordinary people whose beliefs have been profoundly affected by its general trend.

After reading Mr. McKay's interesting letter I still feel that my definition of the method by which science operates is quite a good general statement; but I am very glad that he wrote, for the determined agnosticism of orthodox science upon all save the matter in hand, (which he so rightly stresses) provides me with my only excuse for having written at all. There

are times when, owing to the perplexity and doubt of thousands—a perplexity which neither church nor science seem yet ready to relieve—even the novice may be justified in expressing his thoughts openly and freely; however worthless in themselves, they may yet chance to form the material out of which some better workman will fashion a living image of the city we all would see.

Yours, etc.,

DAVIDSON KETCHUM.

Port Hope.

Immigration

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In a recent issue you discuss Canada's 'Problem of Emigration' (which includes the problem of Immigration) with frankness and force. The object of this letter is to draw attention to a point I cannot remember seeing emphasized in any of the recent discussions of this topic. That point is, the qualifications necessary in the immigrant.

Let us grant that the task of 'lightening our fiscal burdens' must be accepted by our immigrant whether or not we deliberately plan for this. It follows then that the immigrant must be one whose temperament predisposes him to contentment under conditions that impose steady and arduous toil, thrift and economy, because these are the conditions he will meet. Further, he must have a disposition to accept enlightenment in methods and procedure in general, for without this bent the immigrant has not the making of a good Canadian, as we understand good Canadianism.

The above qualifications are of a general nature. In particular, we desire our immigrant to help fill our waste agricultural lands and to build up our basic industry, agriculture.

In short, Canada's specific need is for immigrants who will be contented on the land, even under not too favourable conditions, and who will make good farmers and good citizens. The question is, where are we to look for such?

Our politicians seem to have their gaze fixed solely on the British agricultural class, and the reason for this is obviously a political one. The unescapable fact remains, however, that Canada's problems and difficulties are fundamentally economic and in the end our politics will have to accommodate themselves to our economic necessities.

If the British agricultural class will supply us with both the quantity and the quality of immigrants that accord with the above analysis of our needs, well and good. On this point I wish to draw attention to criticisms made in the most public way possible by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., on the British farmer.

Mr. Snowden, in his recently published book, *Labour and the New World*, says (p. 119): 'The conservatism and ignorance of the British farming class must be assigned as one reason for the backward state of British Agriculture. The application of scientific methods to land culture has been opposed by the farming class... The lack of scientific training must be set down as one of the important reasons why British agriculture has declined.' Mr. Snowden also quotes (p. 121) from a speech by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, Dec. 1920, on the Agricultural Bill:

The soil of Britain on the whole is better than that of Germany or Denmark... On every hundred acres of cultivatable land the British farmer feeds from 40 to 45 persons, the German farmer from 70 to 75 persons. The British farmer grows 15 tons of corn, the German farmer 33. The British farmer produces 11 tons of potatoes, the German farmer 35 tons. The British farmer produces 17½ tons of milk, the German farmer 28. The British farmer produces a negligible quantity of sugar, the German farmer 2¼ tons.

As to the German farmer when actually domiciled in Canada, I quote the following from a letter written by an official prominent in agricultural circles: 'During the years that I was teaching at the College at Guelph, I had an excellent opportunity of studying the methods of farming as carried on by the German people in Waterloo and surrounding districts. They were excellent farmers, thrifty and contented. . .'

I submit the foregoing as an argument for an intelligent immigration policy that looks to the up-building of a permanently progressive agricultural industry by securing the best material possible, as against a policy too much influenced by popular prejudice of a political character. Our politicians wait upon us, the electorate, finger on pulse.

Yours, etc.,

Collingwood, Ont.

EMMA GRIESBACH.

The Duty of the Christian Church

IS it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts?' exclaims H. G. Wells. How these same small hearts of ours are to become suffused with the compassion, the understanding, and the courage that filled the Galilean's heart is unquestionably the concern of the Church that bears his name. When such a transformation is worked in the hearts of the membership of the Church the world will have taken a long stride towards a saner, sweeter state of affairs, and towards having the power to avert political, economic, or industrial crises. The widening of human understanding of each other through the agency of loveliness will bring lonely souls to the Church who in turn will offer others the comfort they have felt.

If the Christian Church would retain its hold upon the people, it must recognize that the old popular conceptions of a Supreme Deity, and of many another creation of men's minds, have undergone great changes. But while the ancient superstitions have lost their terrorizing power, in the precept and example of the sweet reasonableness of Jesus lies man's surest hope of happiness. The leaders of the Church can find no more direct roadway to usefulness to humanity than over the way the Galilean went. His avowed mission was 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister'; and his idea of 'ministering' seemed to be to give people that of which they were most in need. Just how unready is the modern Christian Church to minister to living men and women has been pointed out by a Canadian novelist:

The church has clung to stately and beautiful meaningless phrases whose fires are dead, whose lights are out, whose 'punch' has gone. Every decade sees people's problems change. But the church goes on with Balaam and Balak, with King Ahasuerus, and the two she-bears that came out of the woods. I shudder when I think how much time has been spent in showing how Canaan was divided and how little time is spent on showing how the Dominion of Canada should be divided; of how much time has been given to the man born blind, and how little to a consideration and prevention of blindness; of the time spent on our Lords' miraculous feeding of the five thousand, and how little time is spent upon finding out his plans about feeding the hungry ones of to-day, who, we are bold to believe, are just as precious in his sight.

A striking page occurs in James Harvey Robinson's book, *Mind in the Making*, where the author laments that modern leaders in matters intellectual show less facility in adjusting themselves to their task than do mechanics. The garage-man, he asserts, when confronted with the work of mending a motor-car, sets about it in the most direct fashion, without weighty considerations of how a workman of nineteen centuries ago would have made the repairs. Is it too much to ask that the Church, which depends for its support on money raised by its members, should have just as definite purposes as any other organization, should be quite as frank in letting its purposes be known, and should be just as eager to have its representatives set about achieving these purposes in the most direct and efficient manner? The purposes of the Church have been beclouded too often by vaporous theories, by non-essential dogmas, by articles of faith mystifying even to the educated, and by the tyrannical appointment of the Bible writers as masters of the souls of men and women of every age.

If the Christian Church purposes to lead humanity towards more peaceful and contented destinies, through principles applied by the Galilean, let it assert that fact, and choose the most forthright manner of ministering to the needs of each morsel that makes up humanity. If the Christian Church seeks above all to banish ignorance and cupidity, let it make that object known to all its members and consult with them and with experts upon the swiftest and soundest methods. If to banish wretchedness—loneliness, unemployment, poverty, discord, and despotism—is the office of the Church, it would strengthen itself by proclaiming such an aim, and then bending its efforts to striking at wretchedness wherever it rears its head.

The value of living very positively on this particular planet and of looking after one day's work at a time is finely expressed by G. Stanley Hall:

Now, my thesis is that all fugues from actuality and what Desjardin made supreme, viz., *le devoir present*, are now, as never before in history, weak and cowardly flights from the duty of the hour, wasteful of precious energy; and, perhaps worst of all, they are a symptom of low morale, personal or civic, or both. True greatness consists in seeing everything,—past, future, or afar,—in terms of the Here and Now (or in the power of presentification).

To live in the Here and Now is something too many Church people refuse to do. They enwrap themselves during such hours as they have to spend on religion in dreams of a heavenly land located somewhere afar in a pictorial haze. While lost in vacuous visions of the roses and trumped-up harps and golden pavements of this phantom country, they naturally cannot be expected to be worrying about the cold feet of little ones on this earth and in their own town, whose boots are not water-proof; the weariness of the washer-woman whose children and home should have all her care; nor the stunted mind of the orphaned

boy on the next street who has no friend to help him bring to flowering in his life the virtues of courage and kindness.

The Archbishop of York, speaking before the hierarchy of Anglicanism at a recent Church conference, made reference to the weakness of the Church in the following terms: 'Religion attracts, the Church repels. Let us face the facts honestly. To many of the younger men and women the Church in its divisions, its dullness, and its unreality is an obstacle, a stumbling stone, and an offence.' Such criticism goes right home to the fundamental weaknesses and deficiencies of the modern Church. When the unreality and the insincerities are banished and when the people in the pews are credited with spiritual and intellectual emancipation, then will a revival of usefulness begin for the Church. A college student said, 'I don't understand how Professor So-and-So (a professor of science) can tell us one thing in the class-room and on Sunday at the Bible class tell us something entirely different.' There are thousands of men and women consumed with wonderment why ancient empty shibboleths are still held over heads that know their hollowness; and why the burdens of humanity, the economic struggles, and the establishment of lasting peace are of so little concern to the Church.

The unutterable sadness filling tragically many lives could be softened, if to soften it were the prime care of a Christian Church filled with other than complacent and indifferent members. When pharisaism and traditional notions of Christianity no longer obscure fundamental human duty, and when religion is no longer a thing of dogma and form, the Church will become the centre of a great movement of organized goodness for social redemption. Then indeed will the Commonwealth of God be set up among living people here on earth. With illusions as to Christianity dispelled, then intelligent and earnest effort will erect a social structure where contentment and beauty will be cultivated; and ever-widening will be the horizons as man's soul develops and as proceeds the ordered existence in a society where the welfare of every member is requisite if any member's life is to be untroubled.

IRENE MOORE.



Poems

by Lyon Sharman

Intimations in Weakness

No longer making fine an awkward figure,
Ambition drops off like a worn-out girdle,
That lets the robe fall loosely and sincerely;
Illusions, never more than golden bracelets
Studded preciously with coloured jewels,
I carefully put by and lock securely,
Knowing they become my years no longer.
These limbs and arms! They are grown old for
splendour,
Unfit for enterprises, reformations,
Revolutions, and wide-spread redemptions;
Unmanned am I for conflicts and aggressions;
Humiliated far too much for dogma;
I rest to cool myself now these are over;
I stop beside the road my feet have pattered;
I sit beneath a tree born long before me,
Leaning against its strength (so much my senior)
To wait in peace and confident surrender
One human good that will not travel past me—
The cheerful, wayside gossiping of friendship.

A Lyric Defined

A little melody of human speech
Made up of words of tried and common value,
Potent to evoke by subtlety
From out the discard of our memories
A pleasure one time felt,
Or pain we once had suffered,
Causing for an undistracted moment
The old to flourish like new emotion.

The Little Theatre

I had forgotten what it was and where,
Until by luck I found it in a dream:
A little theatre by a fishing-stream—
Cubical, flat-roofed, front square,
Recessed with outside galleries quaintly fair,
White-painted, yet most childishly ornate.
An actor paced its porch in pomp and state,

Tossing his sword and catching it in the air.
He shouted out a challenge daring me
To go inside the theatre and enjoy
The sort of thing a boy's mind would evoke,
If just a boy's mind it would dare to be.
Too much afraid to be the only boy,
I ran for Jim, and stumbling I awoke.

The Weather Changes

Yesterday's mood was growth—
Hot and serious response
To the discipline of the sun,
Which like an unchecked tyrant
Lorded it over every flower and leaf.
Poppies flamed out;

Rosebuds swelled too fast into open bloom;
And the thirsty phlox showed limp foliage.

To-day a cool breeze romps with the elm and maple,
Rolling their long boughs playfully.
Ash and mulberry join in a roistering game,
While the purple beech dances daintily in the corner.
The columbines nod with delight.
The passing blue irises
Spend their last day happily,
Leaving the lupines to take up their fallen mantle of
blue.

The roses pause awhile in their rivalry of growth,
As if they had reconsidered ambition,
And preferred in its stead the quiet sheer joy of
beauty.

The Muddy River

Sometimes I fear the narrow muddy river,
Filling its snaky ditch from shore to shore;
Its stringy yellow current horrifies me—
Covering, covering something evermore.

I fear its flood, inscrutable and sullen;
I hate its current lengthening all the while;
I would not know the secrets that are hidden
Upon its muddy bottom, mile and mile.

I fear it like the grave, that muddy river;
I hate it in the noonday sun;
I think how many very tired people
Have sought its final current—to have done.

But, when evening comes upon it gently,
And winds for the moment leave the place,
The river wears a mask of shining water,
Unwrinkled as a young girl's face.

Eager to forget my harsh aversions,
I watch reflections of the sky and trees;
A mirrored bush holds a sparrow singing . . .
The dreadful river gulps, and swallows these.

O, God, Have Pity

O, Lord, how long, how many ages more,
Shall masses struggle Godward, wholly dumb,
Craving some utterance, impotent to speak,
Unhelped to find for truth a living word?

O, God, have pity on their dumb estate,
Their rebel spirit, too pent-up for joy,
That cannot speak the words we offer it,
And cannot cry in symbols of our song!

Have pity on us too, O, pitying God,
Who offer these for bread dead-weight of stone,
Because we have nor wish, nor wit, nor skill
To take fresh yeast and bake a wholesome loaf.

'The Incomparable Max'

IT is an amusing world to watch—this world of artists and men of letters with their retinues of admirers and imitators. It is not by any means the same world as the world of fashion and wealth and titles, but it is perhaps the most amusing part of it. It does not even lack princes or politicians; for politicians still occasionally write books, and princes still occasionally deign to read them. Nor does it include the whole world of arts and letters; it is merely the most fashionable part of it—or at least it is that part of the arena where there is most dust and cries and movement. To the outsider it is a brilliant but confused spectacle; it is difficult for him to discover exactly what is taking place. Everyone is intensely preoccupied: a few are busy writing, many are excited by talking about their writing; some have ardent enthusiasms, others are talking about their enthusiasms.

It is an amusing world to watch; and since the days of Addison there have always been some who were content to stand a little apart, quiet and amused spectators, occasionally making wise remarks or carefully noting down what they saw in a book. There is an infinite variety of material for the humourist—all the idiosyncrasies and mannerisms of genius, and the affectations of those who pretend to genius. And when that is exhausted, still easier prey is left for them to seize upon: they may choose with a nice taste from the tempting and defenceless crowd of enthusiasts, who stand about admiringly, eager to learn the latest fashion and catch the phrase that is passing most frequently from mouth to mouth.

This place of privileged observer of the literary society of London has been occupied now for some time by Max Beerbohm—'the incomparable Max', to borrow Mr. Shaw's phrase—who is not only a master of the art of delicate and humorous description, but also one of the greatest of all English caricaturists. At the age of twenty-two, when he appeared in London with a copy of the first number of the *Yellow Book* in his hand, containing his essay 'A Defence of Cosmetics', he was immediately permitted to enter the literary society of the town, just at a moment when the scene was particularly amusing. The excitement grew as the century drew to an end; the decadents did their utmost to excel in decadence, and justify the phrase, '*fin de siècle*', which was supposed to explain all their feverish attempts to signalize in some startling way the dying hours of an era. It was a world to satisfy the wildest dreams of the humourist and caricaturist. It was then that Max Beerbohm achieved his earliest triumphs—amid these exquisite dandies, a dandy of perfect taste; amid these poseurs, adopting a pose not to be surpassed. He wrote delicately, with the superb manners of one possessed of the very highest literary lineage: and he made

caricatures perfectly. Already at the age of twenty-five, he collected the essays he had contributed to the *Yellow Book* and other periodicals from 1894-6 and printed them with an imposing 'Bibliography' in a small volume under the title of *The Works of Max Beerbohm*. The humour of these slight essays is so confident and mature that we are quite prepared for the valediction with which they conclude.

I shall write no more. Already I feel myself to be a trifle outmoded. I belong to the Beardsley period. Younger men, with months of activity before them, with fresher schemes and notions, with newer enthusiasm, have pressed forward since then. *Cedo junioribus*. Indeed, I stand aside with no regret. For to be outmoded is to be a classic, if one has written well. I have acceded to the hierarchy of good scribes and rather like my niche.

Even had he remained in this niche, he could not have been disregarded; there is more here than wit and fancy and fine writing, there is a sensitive awareness of life which is the gift of every real artist, even though he does not seem to approach life boldly and directly. Perhaps his attitude at this time was that of Beau Brummell:

All delicate spirits, to whatever art they turn, even if they turn to no art, assume an oblique attitude towards life. Of all dandies, Mr. Brummell did most steadfastly maintain this attitude. Like the single-minded artist that he was, he turned full and square towards his art, and looked life straight in the face out of the corners of his eyes.

Since the publication of *The Works*, besides caricatures and parodies, he has written a one-act comedy, two fantastic tales—*A Happy Hypocrite* and *Zuleika Dobson* and *Seven Men*—and his later essays have been collected in three volumes, *More, Yet Again, And Even Now*.

In all his works, he retains the manners of a gentleman of the Beardsley period. And perhaps only those who have breathed that atmosphere, and have known intimately that society, can taste the full flavour of his humour. But no one who loves best in literature 'delicate and elaborate ingenuities of form and style', who is not impatient of mannerisms which are always conscious and deliberately designed to express his 'delicate and Tory temperament', can possibly escape the fascinations of the 'incomparable Max'. Like all good essayists, the subject that he writes about most charmingly is himself, and it would be foolish to hope to do better than repeat his own judgments. Mr. Bohun Lynch has had the temerity to write a book about him, but I am sure he would agree that the most valuable part of his book is the amusing letter from Max Beerbohm himself with which it is prefaced.

What his writing has and has not of beauty is admirably explained there. He says,

I do not recall that I have once sat down eager to write, or that I have once written with ease and delight. But the cause of this lack was not in the nature of my theme. It was in myself. Writing has always been uphill work to me, mainly because I am cursed with an acute literary conscience.

And again, if we are to place him among other essayists, how can we improve upon this?

Point out how much less human I am than Lamb, how much less intellectual than Hazlitt, and what an ignoramus beside Belloc; and how Chesterton's high spirits and abundance shame me; how unbalanced G. S. Street must think me, and how coarse too; and how much lighter E. V. Lucas' touch is than mine; and so on, and so forth.

We may sometimes suspect that the 'Max' who is so often talked about in the essays, that one of the 'Seven Men' who is not expressly named, is no more real than Enoch Soames or Maltby and Braxton. He is just the greatest of Mr. Beerbohm's artistic creations. For he is one of the best of 'character-writers', and he has lavished great pains upon that figure that always accompanies us, whatever we are to go and see. Even if he points out to us the misery of a small boy returning to school—suggested by a glance at an unhappy figure in a hansom, approaching the railway station—he must needs make an effective contrast with his own pleasurable grown-up habits, as he passes by in another hansom on his way from an excellent dinner to a theatre. And then follow very naturally reminiscences of his own youth.

I was a modest, good humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable. Undergraduates owe their happiness chiefly to the consciousness that they are no longer at school. The nonsense which was knocked out of them at school is all put gently back at Oxford and Cambridge.

But his enthusiasm for London is entirely genuine. Throughout these volumes of essays he is constantly writing about it—its passing fashions, its famous fire-brigade, its theatres, its statues, its streets, and its shop-windows (especially the florists', 'a chance patch of the country'), and his neighbour the butcher with 'his cruder efforts to create a festival atmosphere'. Even its royal personages are not forgotten; for them as they live their high remote life he has the most sincere pity, nor can he endure the sight of those wax-work images of them at Madame Tussaud's—'those apt travesties of faces whose Olympian calm is unmingled with Olympian contemplativeness'.

Even if he takes a sea-side holiday, he remains always the 'Gentleman from London' in exile. He enjoys 'Neptune's troupe of performing waves and the variety-entertainment of high-tea in which ham and scones and shrimps and hard boiled eggs and honey all take their short, delightful "turns"'. He confesses that he does not really like the sea; 'the sea does not move me as it moves Mr. Swinburne, to superb dithyrambs, nor send me searching, as it sends Mr. William Watson searching, for adjectives long enough to express unqualified approval'.

But he has not remained a Londoner to the end like Lamb. He has gone away to live quietly at Rapallo, whence he can overlook, at a distance, the Mediterranean. And yet he remains still the most acute observer, at a distance, of the world of letters.



ROCKBOUND

LINO. CUT

BY

A. PANTON

That is perhaps why his later essays have always the charm of memories drawn from afar out of the past. One day he finds in an old suit-case a broken fan, which recalls a scene that once he hoped would have formed the subject of his first essay.

I looked forward to reading the MS. of 'The Fan'—to-morrow, at latest. I was not wildly ambitious. I was not inordinately vain. I knew I couldn't ever with the best will in the world, write like Mr. George Meredith. . . . That full consciousness of not being a philosopher, of not being a poet, and of not being a wit. Well, Maupassant was none of these things. He was just an observer, like me. . . .

Or, it may be, he recalls his first visit to No. 9, The Pines, the preliminary talk with Watts-Dunton, and at last the moment of Swinburne's entrance—'a strange, small figure in grey, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish, . . . a very great gentleman indeed, but yet about him something of a beautifully well-bred child'. And later, after lunch, in his library 'flying with fluttering little hands and feet, up the rungs of a mahogany ladder', to fetch down a treasure for his guest—'an illustrious bibliophile among his books? A birthday child, rather, among his toys.'

I do not think there is any English writer who is more successful in drawing from his early memories these beautiful vignettes of great men or queer oddities who had particularly attracted his gaze. Though no longer a young man, and complaining that as one grows older there is no longer any such thing as novelty, he is nevertheless able to recapture all the charm of one who finds the world 'very remarkable indeed'. And, in addition, he has gained a quality of depth and a wide human sympathy which give his later work a value and a beauty very rarely perceptible in the early essays. I have never read any essay that I like better than 'William and Mary'. It was written in 1920. It carries one into that region on the very borderland of humour to which few can bring us. Only those who are capable of great tenderness and a gentleness which belongs to the most sensitive nature can come there. For it is no place for sentiment or false pathos, but only for that poignancy, clear and beautiful, which comes of simple moving speech. It is a continual joy to return again and again to words like these. He is speaking of Mary:

. . . And her laugh was a lovely thing; quite a small sound, but exquisitely clear and gay, coming in a sequence of notes that neither rose nor fell, that were quite even; a trill of notes, and then another, and another, as though she were pulling repeatedly a little silver bell.

Twenty-five years later, when William and Mary had both been long dead, he is standing at the door of their empty cottage; a sudden impulse stirs him to pull the bell:

. . . the rejoinder to it was more than I had thought to hear—a whole quick sequence of notes, faint but clear, playful, yet poignantly sad, like a trill of laughter echoing

out of the past, or even merely out of this neighbouring darkness. It was so like something I had known, so recognizable and, oh, recognizing, that I was lost in wonder. And long must I have remained standing at that door, for I heard the sound often, often. I must have rung again and again, tenaciously, vehemently, in my folly.

Max Beerbohm has been content to write not too much; and therefore he always writes well. He never forgets himself. His manners are always perfect. His own modest estimate of himself is a true one. 'My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation.'

H. J. DAVIS

Lost Masterpieces

READER, did you ever sit expectant, impatiently waiting for some garrulous nuisance to finish his interminable prosing, with the joke a-tiptoe on your tongue ready to spring forth and electrify the assembly, only to find when the critical moment came that the joke was forgotten, irretrievably lost, and the world the poorer by a masterpiece? Never surely do we become more conscious of our ineffectiveness, never does mortality weigh more heavily on us, than when we pause and think over the number of jokes that must thus have perished. How rich and rare their quality, the choicest fruit they of fancy and imagination, a vintage for the God of Mirth himself: for if the poet speaks true who sings,

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter,

may it not, nay, must it not be equally true that jests unheard are the finest, the subtlest, the most ethereal of all! Alas for these lost masterpieces, destined to remain for ever ungarnished, wasting their sweetness on the desert air beside Lethe's immemorial waters! Alas for the merry words unuttered by lips now choked with dust!

I once had a friend, a merry, lively fellow, with ever a joke upon his lips. Indeed he was scarce compounded of the usual clay, for the Gods had neglected to indue him with any element of gravity. Like Charles Lamb he would have prayed to draw his last breath through a pipe and exhale it in a pun. For many a year we met each other daily, and there was ever the same exhilaration about his company, the same mirthful outlook, the same refusal to take himself or anybody else seriously. But one day I noticed a change, a restless light in his eye, a hectic flush upon his cheek, which betokened strange and disquieting emotions. It was in vain that I sought the cause of his decline, in vain that I suggested remedy after remedy. Day by day he grew paler and thinner, and yet all my solicitous enquiries were parried with an impatient assurance that everything was well.

It was when he was lying upon his deathbed that he finally confessed the truth to me. He had made a joke, he said, the greatest, the finest joke he had ever made, incomparable, amazing, surpassing the wit of mortal man. It was a joke which Falstaff himself might have envied: Rabelais would have sacrificed half the labours of his life to achieve it: it would have awakened an involuntary smile upon the pursed, puritanical lips of the Pilgrim Fathers themselves: it would have broken up a Quaker prayer meeting. But, alas, it was in Greek, and none could understand or appreciate it. In vain did I protest that there were professors to whom it might be imparted. My friend was obdurate: he had tried a joke upon a professor once, he said, and had been plucked in the examination for his pains. No, the joke must perish with him: and yet, such a joke—my friend broke down and cried.

When next I saw him, he was very low; but with a smile that was a faint shadow of its old genial self he told me that he hoped soon to be able to repeat his joke to Aristophanes and Socrates in the other world. And then suddenly his face was once more overcast with gloom, and he cried despairingly: 'But when I have tasted Lethe's waters of Oblivion, the joke will be lost for ever even in the other world.' With trembling, feverish hand he then wrote down on a slip of paper a curious medley of Greek and English words, which he gave to my safe keeping, at the same time extracting from me a promise that I would on my death bequeath it to some worthy heir: then with a wan smile he passed away.

And thus I came into possession of a treasure of great price, the very worth of which I can never estimate: for my first hasty impulse to learn Greek in order to understand the joke I abandoned after one glimpse of the professor. But I sometimes wonder whether my friend did not after all escape the stream of Lethe, and picture to myself the roar of unsubstantial laughter with which his jest was greeted by the shades in the world of the departed.

W. D. WOODHEAD.

Here's Mrs. Myers with the Clothes!

THEY called the place 'Hell' in its pioneer days. Then a horrified community, succeeding possibly to the sins of its forefathers, would have no part nor lot in the name and changed it to decorous Ellerby. Mrs. Myers considers the first name much more appropriate.

She washes clothes for the tourists through hot summer days, and irons through long summer nights, and looks on daylight saving with jeers. 'What do they know of daylight who only daylight know?' might be her motto as she stands with arms akimbo looking at her huge bundles of washing. Hours?

She hasn't any hours, though she admits that she hates to be in a house where the clock is not going. 'Might as well be in a dead-house and done with it!'

Time? The whole world is arrayed against her. A wash-line is her horizon. The skies look down on the swaying linen in malevolence mostly. The grass around is made for bleaching clothes; why should the drought leave it withered and sere? Wasn't it just like the rain to come and plague her when she had Mrs. Guy's new smocked middy on the line! All night it swished to and fro and in the morning it was hopelessly streaked with blue.

'I swore a pailful!' she confided to her sympathizing neighbour, Mrs. Dietz, 'but land! that won't help me none when I try to explain it to Mrs. Guy. On that very day didn't these pesky crickets get in the blankets I had washed for her, and before I knew it they had eaten a great hole in it. You know they're as bad as a moth in a house, this time of year. But d'you think I could get her to believe me when I told her that?

"*Crickets*," says she, "little innercent crickets, chirping so happy round my cottage! Crickets eat things!" She looked as if I was most crazy. "Has your neighbour by any chance got a dog?" says she.'

Mrs. Dietz looked suddenly belligerent. 'As if I wouldn't know what Roger chews up! You send her to me. I know them crickets to my sorrow. Didn't I have one in my bed the other night! I woke up clapping my hand to my neck, and I sent it jumping higher and harder than it ever did. Funny thing about me, I can't bear to kill them things. I pick 'em up and throw 'em out, and yet I can't touch a mouse that's dead in a trap.'

'Most people with sense kill 'em as soon as they set eyes on 'em,' said Mrs. Myers judiciously and grimly. 'If they hop out stands to reason they'll hop in again soon's your back is turned.'

She took hold of a girl's middy and took it to a window. 'Well, what do you think was in that girl's pocket?' And she held up a crumpled mass of what were once postage stamps. 'Bet they'll blame me for stealing 'em. I'll take 'em back, torn as they be. They're rich folks, and twict as close as the poor ones. Beats all what folks will hide in their pockets—children, you know. I've got into so much trouble over their old vallybles that I hang 'em on the line with their clothes so as I won't forget to take back the dolls' skirts and safety pins. Pins? Say, I've run enough into my fingers! I've sworn a pailful many's the day. Last thing I found was a bunch of keys. Seems some kid had put them in his pocket and they couldn't get a trunk open that held their night-clothes, nor they couldn't get their automobile to run, and there was an awful to do because they had to walk a mile! Course the keys were soaking in a tub and rusting the rest of the clothes.'

Mrs. Myers hitched up her horse, and loaded the buggy with her bundles. Along the dusty roads she drove, her shoulders sagging wearily over the reins. Her enemies were on every side, for Nature and Man alike conspired to plague her. Rain threatened in the lowering skies, she must guard against speeding autos, things which Maggie the mare never could or would tolerate, and, shrilling in her ears, chirping unceasingly from the hedges, the strident voices of the crickets, innocent, carefree little creatures!

Goaded by these thoughts, she suddenly and vindictively flicked Maggie smartly with the still efficient though decrepit whip. An auto buzzed and honked behind her—the double insult was not to be borne by a horse of any spirit. Maggie shied into a telegraph pole just at Mrs. Guy's door. Tossed and shapeless masses of clothing rolled in the dust or burst in billowing foam of ruffles into the ditch.

Billy Guy rushed out with a whoop of joy to welcome her. 'O Gee!' he shouted. 'O Momma! Here comes Mrs. Myers with the clothes—I don't think!'

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY.

The Bookshelf

A New Canadian Poet

Newfoundland Verse, by E. J. Pratt (The Ryerson Press; pp. 140; \$1.50).

It is something of a paradox that at the present time, when more poets than ever seem to clamour for a public hearing, so many of them should be content to sit aloof, ensconced in nut-shell worlds of their own. For the fashionable cult is still of the inward vision. The poet, turned towards himself, hearkens and bids us listen to his little soul-cries or delicately records the peculiar images which life has thrown on his moody mind. *Quicquid agunt homines*, when the men are others than the poet himself, is held to be an almost antiquated interest. The obsession with self has, indeed, tended to limit poetry to the art of the exquisite lyric.

To those, however, who still find pleasure in a more objective utterance, for whom there is also poetry in the bright display of scenes and actions, this volume of Mr. Pratt's, so long looked for, will be very welcome. Not that Mr. Pratt has denied himself his lyrical or reflective moments. Some of these, indeed, are beautifully transcribed, like the impression of Dawn where, in keeping, one feels, with the poet's healthy temperament, the interest of the fisher breaks upon and blends with his feeling for the morning's glory:

Dawn!
Gold-minted—
The monarch of the morn,
Awake—
Shadows withdrawn,
A sheet of glass rose-tinted—
The lake!

Splash!
A coral ring
Studded with rubies and agates and gold,
Finely wrought out.
A vision of a silver flash.
Lost! Was it a grayling,
Or a rainbow-trout?

One might also point to 'Snow on the Battlefield' and 'Before a Bulletin Board', or to this war echo called 'Before an Altar':

Break we the bread once more,
The cup we pass around—
No, rather let us pour
This wine upon the ground;

And on the salver lay
The bread—there to remain.
Perhaps, some other day,
Shrovetide will come again.

Blurred is the rubric now,
And shadowy the token,
When blood is on the brow,
And the frail body broken.

But the great things in the volume are unquestionably the narratives. With these Mr. Pratt lifts himself to a place among the best of recent storytellers in verse. 'Carlo' and 'The Ice Floes' are in their kind masterpieces. The former is the simple story of a dog's heroism; but for clear crisp narration and for the happy humour of the compliment it could not be bettered. Mr. Pratt throughout the volume proves himself the master of various measures but the neat handling here of the octosyllabic couplet is especially fine:

I'll not believe it, Carlo; I
Will fetch you with me when I die,
And, standing up at Peter's wicket,
Will urge sound reasons for your ticket;
I'll show him your life-saving label
And tell him all about that cable,
The storm along the shore, the wreck,
The ninety souls upon the deck;
How one by one they came along,
The young and old, the weak and strong—
Pale women sick and tempest-tossed,
With children given up for lost;
I'll tell him more, if he would ask it—
How they tied a baby in a basket,
While a young sailor, picked and able,
Moved out to steady it on a cable;
And if he needed more recital
To admit a mongrel without title,
I'll get down low upon my knees,
And swear before the Holy Keys,
That, judging by the way you swam,
Somewhere within your line, a dam
Formed for the job by God's own hand,
Had littered for a Newfoundland.

'The Ice Floes', which describes an incident from the strenuous life of the Newfoundland sealers, shows the same clean vigorous workmanship and is even more notable for the vividness with which the scenes have been imagined. Another of the longer pieces that make pleasant reading is the conversation between the old Salt and the Scholar in 'Overheard in a Cove', rather daringly told in heroic couplets. The sanity and the sense of humour which never let Mr. Pratt lose himself in mere sentimentality are nakedly displayed in this admirable satire on the youth who has displaced the homely wisdom of his fathers by the educational veneer and jargon of the schools. One can only hope that there are more of these narratives to come.

There is much else that will be enjoyed and treasured among these Newfoundland verses. As would be expected, such a regional collection is rich in the poetry of the sea. Its lure, its cruel dealing, and its double harvesting of life and death for the fisher folk are variously chronicled in the lesser poems and in the longer narratives. It is, however, in 'Sea Variations', the semi-lyrical poem which fitly opens the volume, that Mr. Pratt has expressed most magnificently its beauty and its terror. The whole poem is built into a cunning rhythmical pattern, and for a foretaste of its quality one cannot do better than offer the opening lines:

Old, old is the sea to-day.
A sudden stealth of age
Has torn away
The texture of its youth and grace,
And filched the rose of daybreak from its waters.

The appeal of the volume, it may be added, has been enhanced by the really beautiful decorations given it by Mr. Varley.

R. S. KNOX.

Our Constitution

The Constitution of Canada, by W. P. M. Kennedy
(Oxford; pp. xx+519; \$5.00).

In Professor Kennedy's work, students of Canadian history will find a book which fills a very real need. It traces the development of the Canadian constitution from the paternal absolutism of New France to the present condition of autonomy within the British commonwealth of nations, and concludes with an analysis of the more important existing constitutional relationships. The work is designed as a survey and not as an exhaustive treatment of the constitutional development of any special period. Such a task at the outset imposes a real difficulty in preserving an even balance between narrative, on the one hand, and interpretation and criticism on the other. However, those sections appear to be the strongest to which the author has contributed most of himself.

One of the most satisfactory studies in the book is that of the government of Canada from the conquest to 1774. The causes of the passing of the Quebec Act are carefully analysed and due prominence given in this connection to the important political developments in the American colonies. Less satisfactory, however, is the treatment of the operation of the Quebec Act and of the subsequent struggle for responsible government. The judgment that 'the Quebec Act was almost a dead letter' is scarcely adequate. The Act did determine the character of the government of Canada during a most important period and until events established that it was no longer capable of such a task, and it did determine the nature of the prevailing law until new and more complicated civil relationships demanded a change. More attention might profitably have been given to the causes of the failure of the Quebec Act.

The plan followed in dealing with the period from 1791 to 1837 is to trace the course of events in each province and then in a further chapter to analyse and criticize the tendencies manifested in these events. It is very properly pointed out that in Lower Canada the racial element determined the character of the constitutional issues. While the French-Canadian did not understand the principles of cabinet responsibility it is probably an exaggeration to say that the popular assembly 'never in reality took on a political or constitutional aspect'. Because of the prominence of the racial factor and of the domination of the Assembly by the French-Canadian party, that body was early given a greater constitutional importance than would otherwise have been possible, but by means of expedients which were characteristically French in their directness, such as impeachments to be conducted by the Assembly and the appointment of an agent in London to be instructed by the Assembly. It was necessary for the French-Canadian party to rely on talent drawn from beyond its own race to formulate arguments embodying British constitutional custom. Only with this in mind is it possible to appreciate the importance of the defection from Papineau of such men as Neilson and Stuart. It would have been interesting to have had the political issues in both Upper and Lower Canada related to the economic factors which were of great importance in determining and confirming party alignments. It is doubtful if ample justice has yet been done to the influence of Bidwell and Baldwin on the constitutional movement in Upper Canada.

The most significant developments between 1841 and 1849 have received thoroughly adequate treatment. The position taken by Lord Sydenham represented a departure in the theory of the office of a governor. He became his own prime minister, selecting his advisers, directing the policy of his government, and maintaining contact with the electors. Constitutional theories were submerged in a flood

of practical constructive legislation. 'He recognized a local responsibility which none of his predecessors would concede. It was not a cabinet responsibility, but it was one of common sense.' The administrations of Bagot and Metcalfe—the one tragic in its great promise unfulfilled through early death, the other in its honest effort inevitably doomed to failure—are reviewed in their contributions to the development of responsible government and an appreciative survey is given of the completed work under Elgin and Grey.

After tracing the movement towards federation through its more important stages, the author presents an analysis of the existing constitution in interesting chapters on the framework and scheme of government, the nature of Canadian federalism, and the distribution of legislative power in which the application of the more important cases is fully discussed. Two stimulating chapters, the one on the development of Canadian autonomy, the other on the Imperial tie, consider the more interesting constitutional relationships with the Motherland, the Empire, and foreign states. It is suggested that the transfer of the chapter on Canadian autonomy so that it will immediately precede the section on the Imperial tie would improve the arrangement of the work. Of special interest is the review of the custom regarding the negotiation of commercial treaties. If the procedure followed in the recent fisheries treaty is to become general, certain of the author's conclusions implying the necessity for the joint signature of treaties by British and Canadian representatives will require revision. This situation, however, only confirms the view that many of our constitutional relationships are in process of evolving and consequently incapable of accurate description. As Professor Kennedy points out 'the crown must act on the imperial cabinet's advice in making a political treaty for the simple reason that international responsibility lies with Great Britain'. Such being the case it is probably not of vital importance that in negotiations, or in the signing of a treaty, the crown should delegate full powers to two representatives rather than to one. There would seem to be no objection to the form following the reality and, in the case of treaties concerning only Canadian interests with which Canadians are most familiar and therefore most capable of successfully conducting negotiations, to Canadians alone representing the crown under proper authority in all necessary capacities.

The effect of Canada's position in the League of Nations on its international status and on its relation to other members of the Empire is fully considered. There is no doubt in the author's mind as to Canada's status in time of war. When Britain is at war Canada is at war although it is admitted that she need not necessarily participate in hostilities. Very properly the danger of attempting to reduce flexible relation-

ships to fixed and definite forms is urged. 'The greatest solvent of political problems . . . is time. The greatest danger lies in hastening the harvest of the years and in attempting to reap in advance of general political development.'

D. McARTHUR.

Historical

The Story of Mankind. School Edition, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (Macmillan; pp. xiv + 492; \$3.50).

How much harder it is to write history, real history, for children than for adults! All the temptations that beset the historian are multiplied many fold when he recounts for the benefit of youth the bewildering record of the race. The tale must be simply written and yet must not be simple. The writer who is worthy of this task must eschew the too edifying moral, the preacher's habit that we all take on so naturally when childhood sits at our feet. He must not sacrifice the difficult truth for picturesque heroics. He must beware of the cheaper patriotism which represents 'our flag', 'our faith', 'our people' as the consummate and final fruits of time. And he must never think that a less adequate knowledge of historical research will serve because he writes for the trustful and inexperienced.

Van Loon's *Story of Mankind*, now happily appearing as a school edition, is leagues away from all grandfatherly and 'little Arthurian' modes of history-writing for the young. One may find some rare instances of the gilding touch, such as the statement that 'the middle ages regarded service as something very noble and beautiful'. But the narrative is at once delightful and fair, critical and stimulating, balanced and yet fascinating. This marks a real achievement, the work of a deeply historical mind which understands also the mind of the child. It is written with a fine sense of perspective. It wisely measures historical achievement in terms of abiding cultural results. It belittles no form of human endeavour. The growth of art is as much part of history as the growth of empire, and 'people begin to understand that Rembrandt and Beethoven and Rodin are the true prophets and leaders of their race and that a world without art and happiness resembles a nursery without laughter'. The illustrations deserve particular mention. They are pen and ink sketches, small and large, of a strikingly simple and original nature, admirably adapted to suggest through another medium the ideas of the text. 'What is the use of a book without pictures?' said Alice.

Children who receive this book from their parents will not need in later years to unlearn the misleading lessons so often taught to youth, and grown-ups can themselves most profitably learn and unlearn from its pages.

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The Growth of Rome, by P. E. Matheson (Oxford; pp. 96; 75c.).

This is a new volume of *The World's Manuals* published by the Oxford University Press. The author's aim is in eighty pages 'to suggest some of the chief characteristics that give its significance to the story of ancient Rome'. His treatment of detail has been somewhat unfortunate; he has given too little for a text-book, too much of the less significant for an essay. He has given the facts already available in any of the numerous short accounts of Rome, but has drawn only once upon the rich treasures of illustrative anecdote that hold the interest and stimulate the imagination of the reader, who wishes to grasp the nature of the genius and character of the Roman people, rather than to fill his memory with the dates of battles and the founding of garrison towns. It does not need to be stated that the author is well-informed and the book quite readable. The illustrations are unusually fine, but the first reprint should add a few notes on them, and the end papers should consist of sketch maps of Italy and of the Mediterranean. There is one serious misprint, noteworthy in the work of so careful a press.

Poetry and Belles Lettres

Krindlesyke, by Wilfred Gibson (Macmillan; pp. 139; \$1.90).

In form this poem is a drama in two parts. The earlier part originally published in 1910 has been entirely rewritten. The second part was written in 1919-1922. The author disarms any criticism of the play's acting qualities by saying that it was not conceived with a view to stage-production. But there are two things that have to be said at once and inevitably about *Krindlesyke*. The first is that we have here that most rare and precious thing the creation of a new character. Although Borrow's Isopel Berners in *Lavengro* is called Belle, and it is possible that Mr. Gibson may have taken the bare suggestion from that source, yet his Bell Haggard is pure creation and owes nothing to *Lavengro*. Among the gnarled, twisted Northumbrian shepherd-folk, rooted to the soil, Bell, the gypsy, caught and held by a strange fate at the shepherd's cot of Krindlesyke, shines like a vivid flash of scarlet. It is impossible to reproduce her by quotation, but no stronger, more compelling figure has been created by the writer's art since the days of Bathsheba Everdene and Tess. The other thing is that Mr. Gibson has gone back to the rich soil from which words of strong savour and potency spring; he has gone to Northumbria, where men kept sheep in Aelle's time, and has let loose a flock of buzzing, singing words like bees, or to use Bell's token, words that 'bite hot as ginger on the tongue'—'hoddendoon', 'drooked', 'blury gurdy days', 'fairly tewed and hattered with words', 'a sappy-crack with that old windywallops', 'aiblains', 'the

old ram's cassen, but he's no trake yet'. In every other line there is some rich word, some meaty turn of speech, making one realize afresh how thin and threadbare is our common so-called literary speech, how clipt and worn our coinage. It is the same kind of unexpected delight that one takes from Doughty's brave show of gusty words. One quotation is irresistible. Bell is describing the end of old Ezra Barrasford, who, robbed by his son of the fifty sovereigns he had saved, had gone crazy—and, often, in the night,

I'd hear him counting, counting in the dark,
Till the night he stopped at forty-nine, stopped dead,
With a rattle—not a breath to whisper fifty,
A crookt corpse, yellow as his lost gold I found him,
When I fetched my candle.

Then she goes on to describe how he was

so wried and geyzened,
The undertakers couldn't strake him rightly.
Even when they'd nailed him down, and we were watching
By candle light, the night before the funeral,
Nid-nodding, Michael and I, just as the clock
Struck twelve, there was a crack that brought us to,
Bolt upright, as the coffin-lid flew off:
And old grandaddy sat up in his shroud.

Judith: God save us, woman! whatever did . . .

Bell:

I fancied

He'd popped up to say fifty: But he dropped back with knees to chin.

I was drunk for a day after reading *Krindlesyke*, only metaphorically, alas, but 'tis a most potent brew,

Laughter from a Cloud, by Sir Walter Raleigh (Constable; pp. 231; 21/-).

Admirers of Sir Walter Raleigh will be glad of this last volume of miscellaneous writings. Not that it will add to his literary reputation, which is a thing already established, but because it enables the reader to catch a few glimpses of the man himself. We can all now know something of what Raleigh meant to his friends and pupils, something too of what a father he must have been. This to us is the true value of a volume which contains a most heterogeneous collection of his whimsical, humorous fancies. The finest and most enduring thing in the book is undoubtedly the poem entitled 'My Last Will', where the tender and the humorous vein blend into a very beautiful harmony. We wish it were not too long to quote. The little poem named 'The Artist', however, which was sent on postcards, a verse at a time, to Robert Anning Bell, R.A., will serve as a specimen of the author's lighter muse:

The Artist and his Luckless Wife,
They lead a horrid haunted life,
Surrounded by the things he's made
That are not wanted by the trade.

The world is very fair to see;
The Artist will not let it be;
He fiddles with the works of God,
And makes them look uncommon odd.

The Artist is an awful man,
He does not do the things he can;
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And we attend the private view.

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Extemporaneous Essays, by Maurice Hewlett (Oxford University Press; pp. 256; \$2.10).

Here is a charming volume of essays, brief essays upon many subjects, for Maurice Hewlett's tastes are catholic and his reading wide. In such a volume no connecting thread is necessary; the author may rove, like Birrell, at random through the fields which please him most. But there is a thread which constantly reappears, and this is Maurice Hewlett's interest in the English soil and the English peasant. This is what one naturally expects from the author of *The Song of the Plow*. A little anecdote will suffice to illustrate this interest:—

It is to the land, and to the men employed on it, that you must go to find out how much will be sacrificed to the ideal. I know a man who sacrificed his livelihood to it, a carter by calling. One afternoon he had brought his teams back to the yard at the regular hour for grooming and bedding-down. The master came out and wanted one of them to go into town to fetch a load of cake. My friend said that he had none fit. He was told, Then he must send one unfit. He looked about him, and smiled, as he always does when his heart is fixed. He said, He didn't know how that might be. The horses had done a full day's work, and (it was during the war) on short rations. The farmer grew hot, and asked if he was not the master. You are, said my man, the master of me, but not of the horses while I am head-carter. He was dismissed on the spot, but bedded down his horses before he left. He was owed for a week's work, and there were Michaelmas moneys due to him too. He had to sue for those, but failed to get them. The County Court judge was hard of hearing, and may not have appreciated the rights of a tale told in broad Dorset. I never heard my friend complain...

Many of the essays are in the form of appreciations or reviews of writers past and present: and here the author's catholicity is very evident, for some of the works and writers dealt with are off the main track of literature. The essay entitled *Theology and Fine Women* concerns a curious forgotten romance by Thomas Amory named *The Life of John Bunce*. Hewlett, who knows of Hazlitt's interest in this book, does not seem to be aware that Lamb too was fascinated by it (see letter to Coleridge, June 24, 1797). *John Bunce*, so far as we know, has not been reprinted: but we should like to make the acquaintance of a writer whom Hazlitt describes as the English Rabelais. A

Society for the Rehabilitation of Neglected Authors is what the literary world needs, and no more competent adviser could be chosen to assist it than Maurice Hewlett. We hope that we may soon see another volume from his pen as delightful as the present.

Fiction

The Interpreters, by A. E. (Macmillan; pp. 180; \$1.75).

'I was not interested in the creation of characters but in tracking political moods back to spiritual origins, and *The Interpreters* may be taken as a symposium between scattered portions of one nature dramatically sundered as the soul is in dream.'

It would be difficult to imagine an Englishman setting out to track political moods back to their spiritual origins; as Mr. Tawney has well said, the Englishman is more interested in the state of the roads than in their place on the map.

But there are some, even Englishmen, to say nothing of Irishmen and Russians, to whom the map's the thing, who still remember as in a dream those old horn maps of the early adventurers, with thrilling legends—'here is gold', 'here are unicorns'—who still keep relics of a faith that roads lead somewhere. To such *The Interpreters*, not alone for the magic of its style, will bring much joy.

From Plato to Mr. Lowes Dickinson the symposium has been a literary form which seems to clothe naturally the dialectic of the soul with itself. To some it savours of artificiality, the persons of the dialogue are often so obviously masks for the display of the ventriloquist's art. But at its best the symposium is great art, and *The Interpreters* is the symposium in its noblest dress. While it is difficult not to feel Yeats, Shaw, Padraic Colum behind Lavelle the mystic, or Leroy the anarchist and individualist, or Culain the socialist, yet Mr. Russell has made his figures glow with so much fire, that if they are not quite earthly, hardly flesh and blood, they shine with something of the brightness of the ancient *Tuatha De Danaan*, the Children of the Fire. I must confess that *The Interpreters* sent me back to read Plato's Symposium again, and one can hardly give higher praise than to say that *The Interpreters* worthily sustained the bright comparison.



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The Business Cycle, I

AT a recent meeting of the American Statistical Association in New York, when the phenomena of the economic cycle were discussed by some of the leading statisticians and economists in America, the conclusion unanimously reached was 'that the cause of the cycle is still a matter of conjecture'.

This is really very disheartening. The problem of the economic cycle is to the economist what the treatment of, say, cancer is to the doctor, still an unsolved mystery. We can diagnose the symptoms with exactness, we can even prescribe certain palliatives that may, or may not, be partially successful; but the real secret still eludes us. We know very well indeed that this so-called cycle recurs at varying intervals; we can recognize its inception, its course, and its end. We can, with the modern refinements of statistical methods, measure it with accuracy. But what is the real, fundamental cause of it? We don't know.

But, however disheartening this confession of ignorance may appear, yet there are certain aspects of the problem where a little light seems to be shining, and it may be of interest to record some of the conclusions arrived at by the American Statistical Association. In the first place, it seemed fairly well accepted by all that the business cycle cannot be defined in terms of uniformity of length or amplitude, or by strict regularity of occurrence, but by the general sequence of events which characterizes cycles. In other words, we cannot, according to certain American economists, say that the cycle is one of four or eight or ten years invariably. This, of course, is opposed to the theories of Professor Moore of Columbia, and Sir William Beveridge of the London School of Economics, who are both hot-foot on a cycle characterized by periodicity of rain fall and crop production roughly corresponding to a four year period.

In Canada the peaks of stock exchange security prices were found in August, 1902, March, 1906, April, 1910, and August, 1912. We, therefore, seem to have approximated roughly to a four year period until we reach the great decline of 1912-13 which apparently cut the cycle in half at two years. The only explanation for this, if we accept the four year theory, is the oncoming of the Balkan war which followed in the Autumn. This may possibly be sustained. Again, after the close of the great war, we have a peak reached in November, 1919, and from all indications it seems possible that we may have another peak towards the close of the present year, and so another four year period. Does this prove the four year cycle? By no means, but it at least

offers interesting evidence on the point which may very possibly be pertinent to the problem. The conclusions of the American statisticians may be summed up as follows: 'The statistical evidence presented was to the effect that the business cycle does not repeat itself with the uniform regularity of an astronomical movement which may be described by a mathematical equation.' If this be so, what then of the new science, if it may be so called, of 'Barometrics'? Looking back over the course of business in Canada or elsewhere, and noting the swing up and down of the cycle, can we forecast the future by reference to the past? The answer to this is both yes and no. Yes, because if we see the cycle following, *mutatis mutandis*, the same course to-day as it did in the past, then it is no very risky presumption to suppose that it will continue on that course. No, because each cycle is *sui generis*, it is unique in that it is influenced by events of to-day and they are not by any means the same as the events that influenced the course of the cycle sixteen years ago. If we could be sure that the cycle sweeps on its course unalterably, reproducing the same invariable phenomena, then our task would be immensely simplified.

The more we contemplate the whole problem, the more confused do we become. Dr. Jekyll achieved his startling results in his experiments in metamorphosis through some obscure impurity in his drugs; we are still struggling with some obscure influence on which we are unable to lay our finger.

But that must not discourage our efforts in research. The science of Barometrics has made immense strides forward during the last seven or eight years, thanks to the extremely brilliant researches of Dr. Warren Parsons of Harvard. Economic research is steadily but surely isolating the phenomena of the cycle and it is not too much to hope that in the near future, perhaps even the very near future, we shall understand it completely.

But, in the meantime, we must content ourselves with the conclusions that have been tentatively achieved already, and these may be somewhat roughly summarized as follows. First, statistical analysis has enabled us to strip the course of the cycle to its bare bones and study the articulations; from this much must be gained. Second, interest has been aroused in the problem as never before, and all over the world economists and statisticians are at work on its elucidation and we may confidently hope that success, partial if not complete, will sooner or later crown their efforts. In subsequent articles of this series the results already achieved will be more fully considered.

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